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has already received. In addition to the General McClellan, Mr. Powell has nearly finished a fine portrait of Dr. Delafield, painted in the artists best style. He is also at work on the scale drawing for his large picture of "Perry's Victory," which promises to be one of his greatest works, and which, when finished, is to be placed in the Capitol, a fit monument of native art, showing that all the great historical painters are not to be found on the other side of the water—the present popular cry of most art cities.

C. Hine has two very pretty cabinet pictures on his easel, called respectively "Light" and "Shade;" the one an innocent, confiding blonde, with a face full of female tenderness; the other a passionate, voluptuous brunette, with glittering eyes that bespeak the dark passions within. The idea is poetically conceived, and Mr. Hine has carried out his conception admirably.

R. L. Pyne is at work on a large picture of the Catskills, which promises to be the artist's most successful work. The view is looking off toward the Catskill Lakes, and the whole landscape is bathed in the brilliant colors of the sunset. Mr. Pyne's, at present, great fault is a certain crudeness in detail, which detracts very much from the general excellence of his work. He is a great lover of color, and evidently a close student of nature, and were he but to overcome the hardness in style which is displayed in his tree and foreground painting, would be a thoroughly admirable artist. He has been spending the Summer on the Hudson, near Irvington, and brings back many sketches of the surrounding scenery, which are all open to the same objections I have found with his "Catskills,"—full of fine color, but marred by the hardness of foreground.

W. H. Baker is at work on a large copy of his "Cupid Disarmed," which was exhibited, in a smaller shape, at the last year's academy exhibition. The picture is hardly enough under way as yet to make criticism either possible or allowable, but as far as I can judge from it, in its present unfinished condition, it promises to be a charming work. Mr. Baker is also commencing another exquisite little *genre* picture, which promises to be something out of the common run; it is entitled "Cupid Reprimanded," and represents the "naughty little boy" in the act of receiving a sound rating for his laziness from the beautiful and despotic Venus, before whom he has been brought by a bewilderingly beautiful nymph. Venus is holding in her hand a broken arrow and pointing to it with reproving air, while the unfortunate little cupid, with hang-dog look, is standing before her endeavoring to conceal his unstrung bow, with which he has been indulging in good old Izaak Walton's recreation, and which bears on the end of it the fruit of his piscatorial labors. The figures are admirably drawn, and the whole picture breathes forth poetry from every inch of the canvas.

S. R. Fanshaw, whose speciality is miniature painting, has been devoting himself this Summer to the study of fruit, and brings home some very pleasing still lifes. Among others is a bunch of "Black Hamburgs," which is one of the best painted and juiciest bunches of grapes that has yet been painted in New York, equalling even some of Geo. Hall's best work.

A *propos* of Geo. Hall, that artist is now in Europe, enjoying himself among the art monuments of olden times.

W. Walcutt is engaged on a statue of A. F.

Wade, prominently connected with telegraphing in this country, which is a fine portrait as well as an excellently arranged piece of statuary. Modern drapery is one of the most awkward and ungainly things to manage in sculpture, but Mr. Walcutt has succeeded admirably in this case in depriving it of much of its conventional stiffness. Mr. Walcutt has also just finished, in the clay, a statue which he calls "Musidora," full of thoughtful expression and graceful action. The arrangement of the face, hair, and right arm are particularly good.

So much for the studios this week. Now let us see what subjects we find for the critical pen at the galleries, fair companion mine, so lean on my arm and we will wend our steps to Goupil's, where hanging in a prominent position, is a picture of the extreme ultra preraphaelite school by Tissot. "Faust and Marguerite" is its name, and were Faust only living at the present day, I am fully convinced that he would have immediately entered a suit of libel against Mons. Tissot in one of the French tribunals of justice, for a more perfect caricature of one whom we are led to suppose was a handsome man, has seldom, if ever, been perpetrated. Poor Faust, how much hast thou been maligned! Mephistopholes, not satisfied with consigning thee to the regions of darkness, has, at this late day, handed thee over to the tender mercies of Mons. Tissot, who has made thee club footed, a giant, and otherwise generally deformed! But if thy artistic fate is a sad one, how much sadder is that of thy fair innamorata Marguerite!

Poor girl, age and misery have evidently told upon her mind, and Mons. Tissot, with true preraphaelite spirit, has made her one of the most deformed, hapless, and woe-begone looking of German damsels that has ever appeared upon canvas! But this same preraphaelite tea-tray has its merits despite its overdrawn exaggeration of detail, and prominent among them are the old man and woman, who are walking directly behind the hero and heroine, two of the most beautifully and carefully drawn and painted figures that I have seen this long time, the expression of the face, and the details of the drapery are admirably painted, and almost redeem Mons. Tissot's picture from many of its glaring faults and absurdities.

Having found something good in "Faust and Marguerite," let us turn from it, if only out of charity to the artist, and find a more pleasing and enjoyable subject to write about. And here it is:—Merle's "Angel's Offering," is one of the most beautiful creations of this admirable artist's brain and brush. It represents the angels offering to the Infant Saviour the fruits and plenty of the earth, and is full of tender feeling and exquisite sentiment. The figures are beautifully drawn, the kneeling angel in the foreground being particularly excellent, while pervading the whole picture is a sweet feeling of atmosphere, which is simply delicious. Ah, Mons. Tissot, and others of the laborious preraphaelite school, what a pity it is that you would not study Nature in her happier, purer moods, and not give us pictures of heavy, leaden skies, in which you strive more carefully to discover her defects than her many beauties, considering the number and painting of the pebbles in a road of more consequence than the exquisite delicacies of the landscape, and painting the moles and spots on a man's face with laborious study and elaboration, while

you utterly ignore the proper drawing of God's greatest work, man himself!

PALETTE.

ERRATA.—In speaking of Waterman's picture of Gulliver last week, through an error in type, I was made to say that it was full of "little quaintnesses and *petty* conceits": should have been "little quaintnesses and *pretty* conceits."

For The American Art Journal.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

I.

I had a friend, a fond, and true, and tried one,—
Not many such there be;—
And he, of all life's rare and precious jewels,
Most precious was to me.
I loved him with the love of sister, mother,
And lover—oh, far more,
I am persuaded, than a mortal woman
E'er loved her friend before.

II.

He was not like, this man, to any other
That I had ever met.
His heart was tender as the gentlest maiden's,
And pitiful; and yet
His soul—or that in men which makes them better
Than brutes—was strong and brave
Enough to dare the hardest fate that ever
Lay 'twixt a birth and grave!

III.

He was not handsome as your petted beaux are;
No curls, like burnished gold,
(Where light and shade seem hopelessly entangled
In each bewildering fold,)
Framed his broad brow; yet in each rugged feature
A careful eye could trace
A nobler stamp than e'er the hand of Beauty
Yet set on human face.

IV.

I am no worshipper of men or women.
I long ago out-grew
The blessed dream that colors human nature
With its own roseate hue,
(I pray remember, if this bears complexion
To the cold cynic's boast,
Fate has not been with me a tender teacher
As it may be with most.)

V.

But there were times, when love or pity moved him;
I felt I gazed upon
The "best beloved" of our Lord's disciples,
The fair and saintly John;
And there were others, when the fires of genius
Lit lip, and cheek, and eye,
I saw in him a thousand grand old heroes
Whose names will never die.